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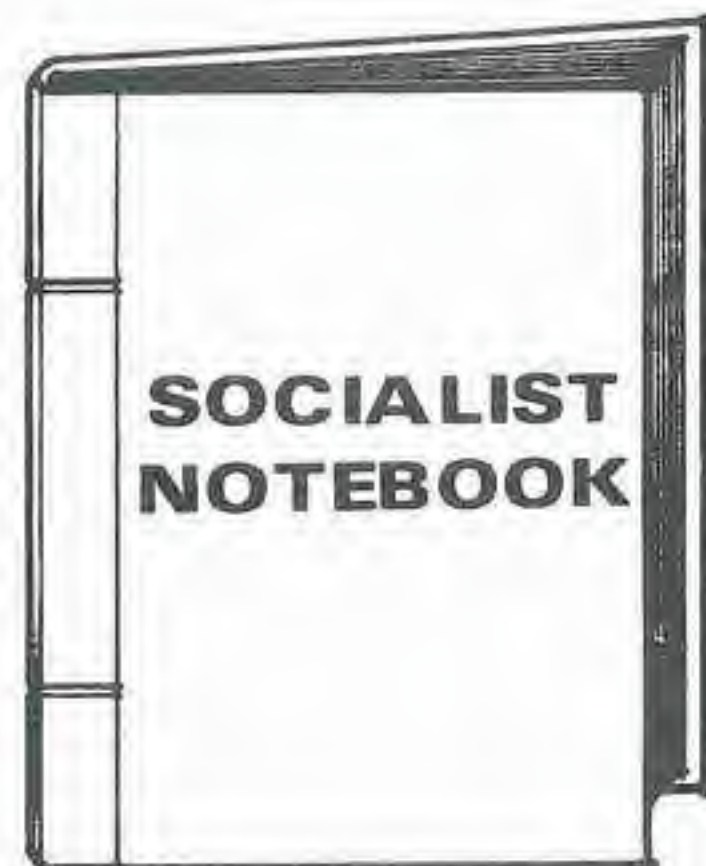
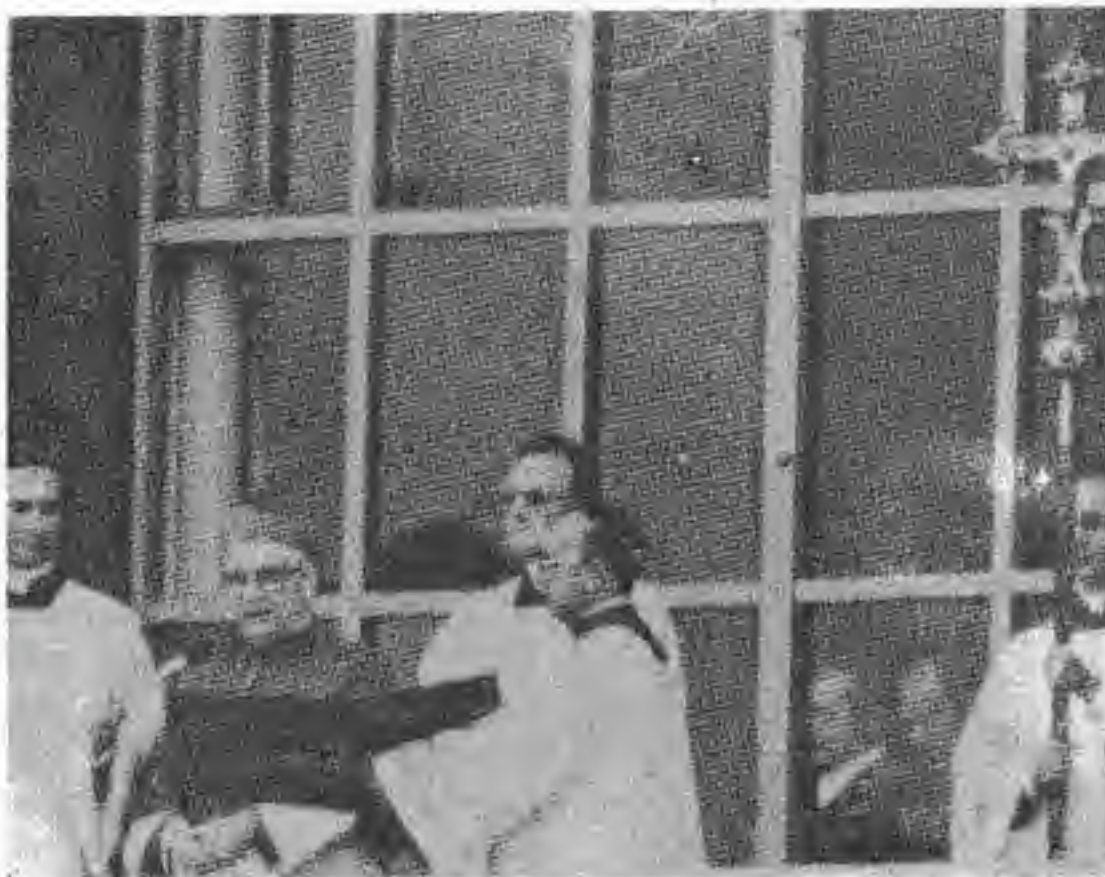
**THE  
VOICE  
OF THE  
WORKER**

*'That which is good for the working class I esteem patriotic ...' James Connolly*

## GARRYOWEN



## A POPE DIES!





# A Socialist Notebook

GO TELL IT TO THE MOUNTAIN

Climbing mountains and trekking into deserts for visions and inspirations have been practised by religious prophets, seers and visionaries for centuries. Christ went into the desert to fast and pray; John the Baptist was a desert hermit; Moses climbed a mountain and came down with the commandments on tablets of stone. In Ireland, people trip off to wells, shrines and mountains to honour ancient pagan customs reinterpreted in Christian terms.

Socialism is in complete contrast and is based on clear economic theories; it has an overall humanist philosophy of life and has no such history of supernatural visions. Thus it would seem that the Limerick "Bottom Dogs" broke new ground in more ways than one when they set out to climb Galtymore on September 17. Nowhere in Trotsky's writings, to the best of my knowledge, is there an exhortation to his disciples to climb mountains or even to seek out visions. It is more likely that the climbing idea came from the other half of their muddled philosophy, republicanism.

Republicans have a glorious history of hallucinations and mirages. Pearse in his dreams saw an Ireland that was not only free but Gaelic. The misguided man never seemed to have grasped that the setting up of a parliament in Dublin and 'breaking the connection with England' did not necessarily mean freedom. The organ-grinder allows the monkey to dance but he has a halter around its neck.

When we gained our neo-colonial status, our backward and rabid nationalists "encouraged" the Protestants to move on and our clerics and politicians made the country a byword as a land of ignorance and intolerance. De Valera did not climb mountains but he looked into his heart and had his visions of lumpy, red-cheeked girls dancing reels on the flagged floors of thatched cottages, babbling innocent nonsense to each other in Gaelic. These were fairly harmless dreams and the puppeteers of the World Bank and of capitalist monetary-funding agencies were easily able to dispel the last visionary tints entertained by the flash boys of Fianna Fail.

More dangerous and deadly are the visions of the right wing fanatics of violent republicanism; they still hallucinate about a 32-county state, green and pure and Catholic and Irish-speaking; and they are willing to bomb and shoot and kill to realize it. The 'Bottom Dog' Trots are admirers of the Provos and their sectarian policies; one can only hope that if they had any visitations on Galtymore it was to show them the errors of their ways.

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by  
**WILLIAM GALLAHER**

**THE CHRISTIAN BROTHER  
AND THE WORLD BANK**

Mention of mad fanatics reminds me of a meeting I was once invited to attend. This was in other days when, like many others, I was willing to walk a few steps of the road with republicans and had not come to see just what a force for evil and obscurantism they were, and how impossible and wrong it was to support any of their promotions. This was billed as a lecture and, as often happens, it turned out to be anything but.

The speaker was a 'Christian' Brother and he came to speak to the good people of the little town in which I was then living on changes and proposed changes in the Irish educational system; this was in the early years of this decade when Sean O'Connor had stated bluntly in an article in *Studies* that he saw the role of the religious in Irish education as being in a terminable stage. He acknowledged the 'debt' owed to them by the Irish populace, and more or less wished them well for the future. He voiced a hope that the transfer over to secular control would not be impeded by the clergy.

This was not presented as government policy or departmental policy but as an expression of individual opinion. As O'Connor was then Secretary to the Department of Education, it was the views of a man of power and position, and even though the article was something of a flier, it was widely believed at the time that this was a move to get Irish education out of the backwater in which it had been stagnating for fifty years and get the country into some sort of progressive mainstream free from the taunt of sacerdotal domination.

It is hardly surprising that O'Connor was less than popular with the leaders of religion; more correctly he was regarded as a sinister and dangerous influence and, when the obsequious crawthumper Burke became Minister, O'Connor and his policies were swept out by the ex-Christian Brother and the Maynooth mafia.

O'Connor was undoubtedly given some kind of a push; he retired from his post as Secretary to the Department of Education on April 16th 1975, and, in what was obviously a prearranged deal, took up a post on the following day as chairman of the Higher Education Authority; that is the position he holds today.

The meeting in the hotel in the small country town was called to organise opposition to O'Connor and the forces of change. I was asked to come by the local spokesman for the Provisionals and a theoretician in the movement, a man for whom I had respect then and now. I went along without knowing what it was really all about, more to please a friend than anything else. However, what I heard made me soon realise that I was in total disagreement with the speaker and the organisers, the Provisionals. On the stage in the small dancehall of the hotel was this thin, sharpfaced Christian Brother bobbing up and down and waving his spectacles in an anti-clockwise motion, as he wove a fantastic tale of conspiracy aimed at undermining the foundations of Irish education and destroying the 'fabric of Irish life', by which he meant the teachings of the Catholic Church.

This was the thesis he propounded: the World Bank, which had advanced money for education, was making specific demands in return for its money, the primary one being that coeducation in non-denominational schools should replace the



system of religious controlled Catholic schools. The World Bank was under the domination of the Humanist Society and the New Left.

He had a number of pamphlets published by the humanists which he gleefully admitted sending for in the guise of a convert. He quoted selectively from these in the pretence that this was advancing his argument on the humanist connection. However, the control exercised by the New Left on the World Bank caused any healthy mind that was in the room to boggle. As he simply made the statement without advancing an iota of proof, I put it to him that I found the proposition preposterous beyond belief. He put this down to a lack of faith: either one believed or didn't; this was understandable to the Provos who are weaned on fairystories and are traditional opponents of logic and common sense, and he was loudly applauded for putting down the unbeliever.

The meeting ended in disorder; a woman asked him why, if all that he was saying was true, could he not go to the bishop with the 'facts' and hand over the organising of the opposition to him. (The Brother was for a mass rally in the local football stadium where he would inform the multitudes of the anti-Catholic machinations of the World Bank spurred on by the New Leftists and the humanists). The lady's question seemed innocuous enough until a man in the back of the hall asked her: "What bishop?" The man was a Protestant clergyman who had been invited along by the Provos, imbued with the hope of converting a Protestant to Provisionalism; he was, in all probability, fed up with the bigotry and nonsense and decided to throw a spanner in the works; if so, it worked: there was confusion, apologies, and further confusion. The person walked out in disgust leaving the republicans in a huddle of recrimination.

N.B. For young readers: the New Left were the assorted anarchists and Trotskyites involved in student unrest in France, Germany, the United States and a few other places. At this point in time their contribution to progress or to socialism is not notable.

### SOCIALISM AND THE WRITER

Eamonn O'Brien's letter to the editor in the September issue of the 'Limerick Socialist' was interesting. He ends with the statement that there must be 'personal and intellectual freedom in all societies, including socialist ones'. This assertion is probably inspired by the state of affairs in the Soviet Union as popularly depicted in the Western press. I do not know whether writers have freedom of expression in the U.S.S.R. I would seriously doubt that they enjoy the type of freedom traditional in England; on the other hand one finds it difficult to accept the *bona fides* of Irish liberals pointing a finger and demanding that others should do something when their own records are pretty depressing. I'm simply saying that the tradition of free speech as known and practised in England is foreign to Russia which was a feudal state ruled by a small aristocracy and a Czar until 1917. After the revolution, the country went through a period of counter-revolution and civil war when the aristocrats, openly supported by England and France, tried to destroy the revolution and restore the old order.

The history, politics and traditions of a country must be known before a way of life can be decided for them by others. Recently a T.V. interview with Castro was broadcast, in which an American woman interviewer repeatedly asked him why he did not have a congress, a house of representatives, and a two-party system. Showing a good deal of patience, he pointed out in reply that Cuba was a socialist country and that the system of government was different from that of a capitalist state. It is important to mention these points because there are still people who believe that the press, T.V. and radio are organs of truth and not tools of propaganda, which is what they really are. The capitalist press is forever lambasting countries in the socialist bloc on their lack of freedom; this is part of a propaganda war and not part of a crusade for

freedom. Remember Andrew Young saying that there were thousands of political prisoners in the U.S., when Carter was accusing the Russians of violating human rights. The White House was not overjoyed by Mr. Young's remarks. Come to think of it, I haven't heard much of, or from, the ambassador to the United Nations since. Free speech is alright as long as you say the right thing.

I think it is important to state a position on this as well as briefly outlining the way we see ourselves and our future. We are socialists; we propagate socialist thinking and we work towards the establishment of a serious socialist movement led by a disciplined party with a definite and clear political programme. We would hope that such a party would come to power on a mandate from the people and, with popular support, set about dismantling the potato garden capitalist state and, in an orderly and gradual fashion, replace capitalist institutions with socialist ones. Any such party being one enjoying majority support would understand the traditions, beliefs and history of the country. We are realists by experience and know that such a development is not going to take place in the immediate future and so we invest much of our time and efforts in educational work; indeed, there has been more work done in the past few years to adapt refine and make relevant socialist ideology than was done in the previous fifty.

The *Limerick Socialist* has made, in its seven years, no small contribution to brush away the cobwebs and open people's eyes to the realities. Eamonn O'Brien refers to revolutionaries, and in the popular mind there is an image of the radical socialist as a slogan-mongering, irrelevant, black-jacketed, long-haired get, slobbering revolutionary nonsense into his Guinness at closing time. And one cannot say that the public conjured the prototype out of fantasy; fortunately the serious socialist of today has little in common with such a type.

There are at least five different types of writers: the ones that are political in their writings, people like Neruda, Brecht, the Scottish playwright John McGrath; those with a political phase (phases would be more correct here) such as Yeats, Auden, Spender and Pound; writers that are occasionally political (they are moved to comment by some event), e.g. Kinsella's *Baker's Dozen*, James Simmons' *The Ballad of Claudy*, Gavin Ewart's poem on the romper room murder of an unmarried mother by a group of U.D.A. women; writers who are reformers and expose social evils in order to bring about change—Dickens was one such author; and finally those that are apolitical, who don't make political comments, but *their lack* of comment is in itself political. If Seamus Heaney does not write on the get-rich politicians and on the cheap tricks of the Haugheys and the Beltons and the Molloys it is because he has turned a blind eye and is himself part of the conspiracy. Seamus would in fact make an excellent county councillor, F.F. brand.

But so set Eamonn O'Brien at ease on the question which seems to worry him we do not oppose the individual's right to expression; that is fascism and another camp. We are on the side of personal freedom, including freedom of expression. Literature may be divorced from politics, but it must be said that the artist that shuts his mind to the evils in the world about him is unlikely to win fame in the end: the creative person has obligations as well as rights.

Eamonn O'Brien says that the aspirations of socialism are for more than bread and butter? I think that most socialists would agree with him. For instance, the editor of this paper has consistently published poems from the pens of young and not so young writers, and writers as talented and diverse as Dermot McEvoy, Sean Bourke, Arthur La Bern, the late Billy Leonard, John Casey and Kevin Hannan have contributed articles on a variety of topics over the years. Bread how are you: readers of the *Limerick Socialists* live on nectar like the old Greek gods on Mount Olympus!



# GARRYOWEN

Garryowen is named after the public garden, or park, which was situated outside the walls in the south eastern side, and not far from John's Gate. Though we have a number of contemporary accounts of the place, the recording of its exact position was, apparently, thought unimportant. The finest description of Garryowen was written by Gerald Griffin in the opening chapter of *The Collegians*. Griffin, who was born in Limerick in 1803, when the garden was still popular, tells us that the place was situated "... on the activity of a hill near the City of Limerick commanding a not unpleasant view of that fine old town".

This information would suggest the area between the old Spittal Boreen and the waterworks at Gallows Green. It seems most likely that "Owen's Garden" was called after a person of that name, "who was the owner, about half a century since, of a cottage and plot of ground on this spot". Plots of ground attached to cottages are usually small, and altogether unsuitable for the accommodation of crowds of pleasure-seeking citizens; but it is probable that a large area around this plot could have been used as an amenity by the people and called after Owen, who may have been something of a "character" in the district.

It must be accepted that Garryowen was a commonage, or the forerunner of the public parks provided by the Corporation in recent years. Commonages rarely become private property, and it is noteworthy that such a commonage existed up to the time of the Garryowen housing development, twenty years ago, in the area of Green Hills, between Ryan's (Bulleen) farmhouse and the waterworks at Gallows Green. If this was the site of the famous recreational garden, then Griffin's description of it would have been correct.

The late A.J. O'Halloran, in his interesting book "The Glamour of Limerick", seemed to have no doubt but that the "... original *Gardaeogain* "John's Garden" was situated outside the walls where the Devil's Battery presently forms portion of the bounds of St. John's Hospital".

This account fits exactly the grounds of St. John's Hospital on the southern side. This area, with its southerly aspect, and its protection from northerly winds by the city wall (which was not demolished in the general clearance of 1760), would have been ideal as a recreational area.

Wherever its exact location, Garryowen has left its mark, and still remains a popular synonym for Limerick itself. *Gardaeogain* was the quiet retreat for the citizens from about 1775 to the opening years of the nineteenth century. At that time, there were no footpaths by the river or good roads to take them on foot away from the festering streets and lanes of the uncongenial city. The garden was obviously an attractive and salubrious haven for young and old alike.

However it was also the rallying place for the famous "Garryowen Boys", whose exploits are so graphically chronicled in the quaint verses of the famous song *Garryowen in Glory*. The redoubtable gang was made up of the sons of the wealthy merchant classes, the sedentary nature of whose occupations (or want of them) conserved the energies that were to be expended in the various exercises of smashing street lamps, rattling door knockers, and baiting the hard-pressed night watch. Apparently, these high-spirited activities were looked upon with a tolerance that certainly would not be countenanced for similar behaviour. By the sons of the working classes.

The Garryowen Boys must have been treated with healthy respect in other parts of the city. Their riotous rampages in the "Parish" did not escape the notice of the Bard of Thomond. In his best work, *Drunken Thady*, Michael Hogan describes how the gang rudely shattered the simple celebration of the

This article is a chapter from Kevin Hannan's work in progress, *Garryowen in Glory*.

Christmas Eve midnight scene in Quay Lane:

*The sweet-toned bells of Mary's tower,  
Proclaimed the Saviour's natal hour!  
And many an eye with pleasure glisten'd!  
And many an ear with rapture listen'd!  
The gather'd crowd of charm'd people  
Dispersed from gazing at the steeple;  
The homeward tread of parting feet,  
Died on the echoes of the street;  
For Johnny Connell, the dreaded man,  
With his wild-raking Garryowen clan,  
Clean'd the streets and smash'd each lamp,  
And made the watchmen all decamp!*

The inspiration and driving force, behind the infamous clan was undoubtedly the legendary Johnny Connell.

The Connell family owned one of the two breweries in Garryowen but Johnny showed more interest in making mischief than in brewing porter. The unknown poet who wrote the old song, *Garryowen in Glory*, immortalised the wild-raking man:

*Johnny Connell's tall and straight;  
And in his limbs he is complete;  
He'll pitch a bar of any weight  
From Garryowen to Thomondgate.*

The song also gives us the name of another leading member of the fighting fraternity. This was Harry O'Brien, whose family, tradition tells us, were engaged in the horsetrading business in the vicinity of Garryowen. (Was he, one wonders, an ancestor of Kate O'Brien, whose father had a livery stable in Mulgrave Street?). Harry literally jumped into history when he

*... leaped over the dock  
In spite of judge and jury.*

The unknown poet neglected to list the offence for which Harry was being tried when he made his dramatic leap from the dock, and we have no way of knowing whether he was ever recaptured.

After Connell's removal to Cork city, where he engaged in business for a long number of years, the Garryowen gang disbanded and, inexplicably, the popularity of the garden began to wane. The same anonymous poet tells us:

*Garryowen is gone to wreck  
Since Johnny Connell went to Cork.*

One would have thought that the place would be far more congenial without the "playboys" but this did not follow. It may be of interest to mention that co-incidental with the disbanding of Connell's gang the development of the towpath from the Canal Harbour to Plassey was completed and provided the citizens with the delights of the glorious riverside walk that has regaled all lovers of the out-of-doors down to our own time. Perhaps the popularity of *Gardaeogain* was superseded in this way.

Connell's exile in Cork was said to have been motivated by the strong desire of his folks to get him away from the "devilment". The drastic move had the desired effect, not only on Connell but on his pals in the old gang, whose boisterous and wayward activities ceased forthwith. Like the "Bishops' Lady" who returned "... But never more to dance and dine".

Johnny Connell returned, but never more as leader of the Garryowen Boys, but as a mature and responsible citizen who had outgrown his youthful inclination to lawlessness. With the exception of his donation to the Dominicans of the site for their church in Baker Place, his many benefactions to the



citizens of Limerick are not recorded. He has left us a legend, and will be remembered for his youthful escapades and as the hero of *Garryowen in Glory*.

The prestige of Garryowen has been enhanced by the famous Limerick rugby team that bears its name. A tactical "up and under" movement, known as the "Garryowen" first developed by the club, is known and practised wherever the game is played. To many of its great players of the past, representing the home counties in faraway clashes in Australia, New Zealand and South Africa, the words, "Come on Garryowen", whispered in the steaming, bonecrushing rucks and mauls, revived flogging energies and may have, on some occasions, made the difference between victory and defeat.

But the enduring international fame of Garryowen is due to that forgotten versifier who wrote the quaint lines that, when set to a rousing martial air, gave new life and spirit to weary marchers in battlefields in many corners of the globe. Soul stirring and all that it was, it had no charms for the Red Indians, who had good reason to hate it. To the Sioux it was "devils' music".

The song was first adopted in America in the early 1860's by the 69th New York Regiment (the famous fighting 69th) which was made up of Irish and Irish-Americans. It was played by the 1st New York Regiment when it marched to Quebec in 1775, and was the regimental march of the 7th U.S. Cavalry, whose regimental shield carried the words "Garry Owen".

The same piece of music was well known and loved in the British Army. It was the original regimental march of the first Battalion (83rd foot) Royal Ulster Rifles, and was played by the 28th Gloucestershire Regiment at the Battle of Waterloo. The air was also popular with the 18th foot and the 18th Royal Irish Rifles.

It was to the tune of the famous air that Lieut. Col. George Custer and Capt. Myles Keogh (from Co. Carlow) marched to their deaths at the historic battle of the Little Big Horn in 1876. It is to be regretted that *Garryowen in Glory* was besmirched on this, and on many other such occasions, when it helped to impel the forces of savagery against the poor ill-equipped Indians who were merely fighting for the right to live as they always did in their own country.

It is sadly ironic that Capt. Keogh, who must surely have heard of the sack of Drogheda by Oliver Cromwell, took part in the massacre of more than one hundred Cheyenne villagers, including their old Chief Black Kettle, and his wife. The poor unsuspecting people, man, woman and child, were butchered in the November snow of 1868, in what was euphemistically called the "Battle" of Washito (Oklahoma). This shameful butchery was led by Custer. Perhaps it was only fitting that both Custer and Keogh should have received their just deserts at the hands of those whom they so relentlessly persecuted, on the bloody banks of the Little Big Horn, twelve years later.

Today, after the passage of more than two centuries, Garryowen has altered much from the happy hunting ground of the dashing young blades of the 1780's. The intact little community in the liberties of the city, of more recent memory is no more. Sarsfield Avenue, first local housing venture under the new Irish government, and completed in the mid-twenties, the earlier houses in Upper Pennywell Road, and a few family names are all that remind us of another age.

Garryowen Road has changed almost completely. The old world small dwellings on the eastern side, together with the lanes that led to the fine unbroken views of Newcastle and Singland, with the bold outline of Keeper Mountain in the background, are no more. A large scheme of modern houses now stretches the full length of the road, right up to the Fair Green.

On the eastern side, the Limerick Corporation development has brought new roadways and houses which form the perimeter of a fine range of playing fields, much appreciated by the youth of the district. Though it is sad to contemplate so radical a change in the old place, the immense improvement in living conditions far outweigh any regrets felt by the loss of the Garryowen of our history books.

But one cannot feel happy about the situation on the

western side. The construction of the hideous concrete school, which was, supposedly, intended as an architectural improvement, spoils the historic character of a site next door to St. John's Cathedral and close to the remains of the Walls of Limerick. The cut stone buildings were thrown down to make way for the monstrosity which, every day, grows more like a neglected mausoleum in some long forgotten graveyard. It is a civic disgrace that planning permission should have been given for the destruction of the old schools which fitted in so delightfully with the Cathedral and presbytery and the little greenery that survived the attentions of those who worked on the theory that plants, and trees and stone buildings, were only for Christmas cards and history books. The new buildings are an ugly blot on the appearance of the district, and the most compromising observer will find no sermons in their drab and ugly concrete.

The old girls' school, which stood for a hundred years, was one of the finest educational buildings in Limerick and was built, in 1870 through the munificence of Surgeon Frith, who died in that year. This notable benefactor of the people of St. John's parish lived at Charolette Quay, in the house lately occupied by Mary Costello. Here he had a Medical Hall, which was ever open to the poor. This charitable, gentle man also endowed five cottages for poor widows; these formed the boundry between the school playground and Garryowen Road. The houses were known as the "Widows' Homes" and the "Penny Alms Houses". The girls' school was, for many years, known as 'Frith's School'.

A further sum was bequeathed by Surgeon Frith's wife, who died in 1879. This money was used in the construction of a new wing in the following year. This work was carried out by direct labour, under the supervision of the same clerk of works who was engaged in the building of the Cathedral tower. In 1893, the boys' school was added to the complex, the Board of Works contributing £450 towards the work.

Surgeon Frith gave everything he had to the poor of St. John's parish. He wanted nothing in return, and got nothing, save the fervent prayers of the Sisters of Mercy, who were always grateful for the many marks of his bounty which they received during his lifetime. Streets, parks and avenues were named after small-time politicians, many of whom contributed nothing to the community; but Frith and his noble works of humanity, are forgotten. But if one pushes aside the long grass on his grave in the Mount St. Lawrence graveyard the following inscription may be seen: — "IN LIFE HE HELPED THE POOR, AND IN DEATH HE DID NOT FORGET THEM".

Garryowen Quarry, which yielded an abundance of fine limestone that polished just like black marble, was important enough to command the attention of the builders of churches and big houses. It was situated at the end of Sarsfield Avenue, and was entered by a remarkable archway, which was said to have been taken from the grounds of Richard Harrold's estate in Pennywell. A few hundred yards further south, across the road, was another quarry which was later filled in to form the famous Markets' Field.

Many outstanding battles were fought out on this ground between rugby teams from the far corners of the globe. One of the most outstanding of these games was played in 1906 between Munster and the All Blacks. The home team suffered a crushing defeat in what has always been regarded as a classic exhibition of how the game of rugby should be played. On another occasion a French team played Garryowen in a contest that has gone down in the annals of local rugby history as one of the most robust ever played there. Another notable game was that in which the famous Shakespearean actor, Sir Frank Benson, led a team from his company. They gave a good account of themselves before going down to Garryowen.

Interprovincial championships, Munster Senior Cup, Musgrave Cup, Munster Shield and Charity Cup, were contested on this little patch of green 'under the tower'. After the liquidation of the Limerick Markets many years ago the ground was administered by the High Court, from whom the Garryowen Club held a lease. This ended in 1937, and, in that

(Continued on page 6)



## A POPE DIES ... "LONG LIVE THE POPE!"

When Italians want to describe a life of ease, they say that the envied possessor "lives like a Pope". After all, they have been hosts to "Supreme Pontiffs" for well nigh two thousand years and they ought to know. But in modern times nothing could be further from pampered luxury than the round of arduous duties which make up the existence of the "Papal prisoners".

... before a new Pope is elected, discipline and feeling of hierarchy disappear. No one knows where the power will be next. High prelates lose their authority, church mice take heart. All shrink from giving orders, take no chance of offending those who later might turn up near the throne...

During the week preceding this conclave, when cardinals from every country were hastening to Rome for the election, Edgar (Mowrer) and I (*his wife*) wandered all over the vast domain of the Vatican Palace and no one questioned us nor turned us back. For days we explored to our heart's content. It is like a small town, with its succession of court-yards, labyrinthine buildings, its printing presses, and shops, and all the paraphernalia of living, independent of the outside world. Into the apartments of the central buildings we penetrated — those sixty suites of two and three rooms each where the sixty Cardinals live with their secretaries during the conclave — and if any official hovered around inquiringly, Edgar regarded him most haughtily as one who has very special reasons for being just where he is. Even Monsignores departed quickly. The usually so lofty Swiss Guards — muffled in blue cloaks, for mourning — merely threw a perfunctory glance at our passes. After all... who knows what affiliations a foreign journalist may possess!

Before the Vatican doors were sealed for the Conclave, Edgar interviewed a number of "popables" (*papabili*), as they

call those cardinals whose chances of election to the Holy See are good. Together with an Italian colleague, employed on a clerical newspaper, he finally went to visit Cardinal Achille Ratti, one of the politically-minded candidates, and as he bent to kiss the sapphire ring, was somewhat nonplussed to hear his colleague introducing him to the Cardinal as one who had "come to ask an important question".

Edgar had no question to ask. He just wanted to get an impression of each of the "popables". He did some very quick thinking to fill up the breach... Ratti?... Hadn't he been Papal Nuncio in Warsaw? Was there not a Church slant to the recently settled Silesian question?... Would His Eminence perhaps say something about that hotly disputed territory, which the Germans claimed had been so unjustly shared with Poland?...

"You are quite right, my son", answered the Cardinal. "The solution of the Silesian question was not quite satisfactory... the religious question in Upper Silesia coincides with the ethnographic question, for Poles are Catholic and Germans Protestant. The world ought to realize that those Silesian coal beds did not form an integral part of the German economic system and were intensively cultivated only during the latter part of the war. Consequently it is inexact to declare that they have always been essential to Germany's prosperity... Much must be forgiven the Poles in Upper Silesia when one thinks how much they suffered at the hands of Germany..."

Edgar's eyes sparked when he left the Cardinal.

"Not much in that", said the Italian.

"It's an international sensation", Edgar explained, and when the other realized the dynamite inherent in the Cardinal's remarks, he decided to print it himself in a Neapolitan newspaper for which he occasionally wrote.

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year, the last rugby match was played there: it was a Munster Cup final between Garryowen and U.C.C.

The home club had an historic association with the old familiar place, going back half a century to its foundation in 1886. Alas, the thunderous applause that once reverberated from the hills of Singland, Newcastle and Kilbane, has given way to the yelping of greyhounds, and the sporadic sounds of elation from a die-hard soccer following. A little further south, on the space enclosed by Fair View Terrace, Geraldine Villas, Garryowen Villas, John's Avenue and the Rope Walk, stood the famous Garryowen Brewery of Johnny Connell. Before the middle of the last century, the business passed to the Fitzgerald family. But the firm did not long escape the fate of most of the small breweris in the latter half of the nineteenth century. Soon the last of the celebrated Garryowen porter came out of the vats to make way for the less prepossessing pigs' blood which was processed there and converted into much sought after manure, by the Dublin and Wicklow manure company. The bulk of this valuable commodity was exported, as the cost was too high for local market gardeners and farmers, who, in those times could hardly have been expected to purchase for money that which they could acquire by the dint of hard labour.

For a long time the people of Garryowen suffered from the dreadful effluvia from the factory, especially during the heat of summer. Deputations to the management and to the Corporation were put off from time to time with the assurance that the processing operation presented no danger to health. There was never any reference to the smell, which was the only issue at stake. The authorities disregarded all complaints about the nuisance, mainly because they lived far away from it, and for some other reasons which nobody could ever understand.

The records of the Limerick Health Committee for the year 1886, contain the following report from Dr. Holmes: "... I inspected the Blood Factory at Garryowen, which was complained of in September last. I examined the place on

several occasions and found nothing injurious or dangerous to public health".

In the many such reports for that year, and for part of 1887, no mention is made of the overpowering smell, nor is there even a remote reference to the legions of flies and bluebottles that invaded the houses in the district. At an inquiry, held in 1887, in which the chief protestors were the Governor of the County Jail, and Rev. Fr. Ambrose, C.C., St. John's, Mr. A. Shaw disclosed that the blood of 336,000 pigs, killed annually, was processed at the Garryowen factory. Things were only brought to a head when Dr. O'Dwyer, the Catholic Bishop of Limerick, and Chairman of the Mental Hospital Board, stepped into the fray: The following item occurs in the Health Committee's records:

*The matter with reference to the dangerous nuisance complained of owing to the offensive smell coming from the Blood Manure Factory at Garryowen, having been again brought under the notice of the Board. It was proposed by James G. Barry, Esq., seconded by Robert Hunt, Esq., and resolved — "That the Board are of opinion that a nuisance does exist on the premises at Garryowen, and are not satisfied that the Corporation have taken sufficient steps to ascertain the existence of said nuisance, and would again ask the Corporation, as Sanitary Authority, to have the nuisance abated.*

*That our Medical Superintendent afford every assistance to the Corporation in prosecuting the parties offending'.*

Edward Thomas  
Bishop of Limerick  
Chairman

Like many other antagonists that fell before the redoubtable bishop, the Dublin and Wicklow Manure Company was banished... away out to the isolation of Russell's Corn Mill on the windblown banks of the Groody river at Singland, where the business was carried on without fear of further complaint. Back in Garryowen, the people were once again able to breathe freely, unassailed by the stifling stench of manure or the bacchanabian revels of the "Boys".



The story appeared in the *Chicago Daily News*, February 2nd, and the following day was published in Naples at noon. That morning the doors of the Vatican swung open — the conclave began.

In the Piazza outside St. Peter's crowds assembled patiently each day, men and women, some of them kneeling on the hard stones, waiting for the moment when a new Pope should be proclaimed. Twice during one day I saw smoke rise from the long black pipe above the Sistine Chapel showing that the votes had been burnt and there was no Pope as yet.

When Cardinal Ratti emerged as Pope Pius XI, the very first act of the German Cardinals was to protest violently about the Italian's statement concerning the division of Upper Silesia, as published in the *Mattino di Napoli*.

The Pope declared he had not only made no statement, but had received no journalists in the days preceding the conclave. The German Cardinals withdrew, satisfied . . .

Edgar's Italian colleague appeared next day, weeping and tearing his hair . . . quite literally, he tore out a little tuft in the front hall.

"I'm ruined", he shouted, "I am a ruined man . . . The *Osservatore* has sacked me. Pius denied that Silesian story and they fired me for faking. My family has always worked for the Vatican . . . my father and my grandfather held the post . . . I am ruined . . ." and he gave way to those frantic Italian expressions of grief not entirely insincere for all their grand opera gestures.

"Oh come", said Edgar, "you must prove to them that it was not a lie . . . something must be done to save that job . . ." He reflected for a long time — he had never been up against a Pope before — "What about that young priest who showed us into the Cardinal's room. He knows perfectly well what happened. Where is he?"

"The Pope has taken him into the Vatican with him", wailed the Italian.

"All right", said Edgar grimly. "Now you go and find him. Tell him that the American journalist Mowrer quite understands that statements made by Cardinal Ratti may reasonably be denied by Pope Pius XI, but the statements were made, after all, and that such denials should entail

. . . we came to the cave. It was inhabited by a holy hermit.

Attracted by our voices the actual occupant of the hermitage came out of the inner grotto to see us. I confess I was disappointed. I had expected something serene, and aloof, with possibly a flowing beard. This little man had a round idiotic face fringed with odd wisps of hair, and crowned, by all that is not holy, with a large bowler hat. He babbled and smiled, and begged for alms.

"You will observe", said Galetti, as we descended the mountain, somewhat dashed, "that our hermit in spite of many shortcomings exhibited the . . . what I might call the common denominator of all religions?"

"And what is that?" asked Edgar.

"Willingness to accept money", answered Galetti.

consequences to others, that they should suffer for this, is neither just nor right coming from a churchman. Tell that young man that there must be some mistake . . . If, however, your former post is not restored to you, the American correspondent Mowrer will unfortunately feel obliged to make a sworn statement about the whole incident before a public notary and publish the same in every anti-clerical paper throughout Italy".

The Italian gasped and fled.

And in two days he was back, wreathed in smiles.

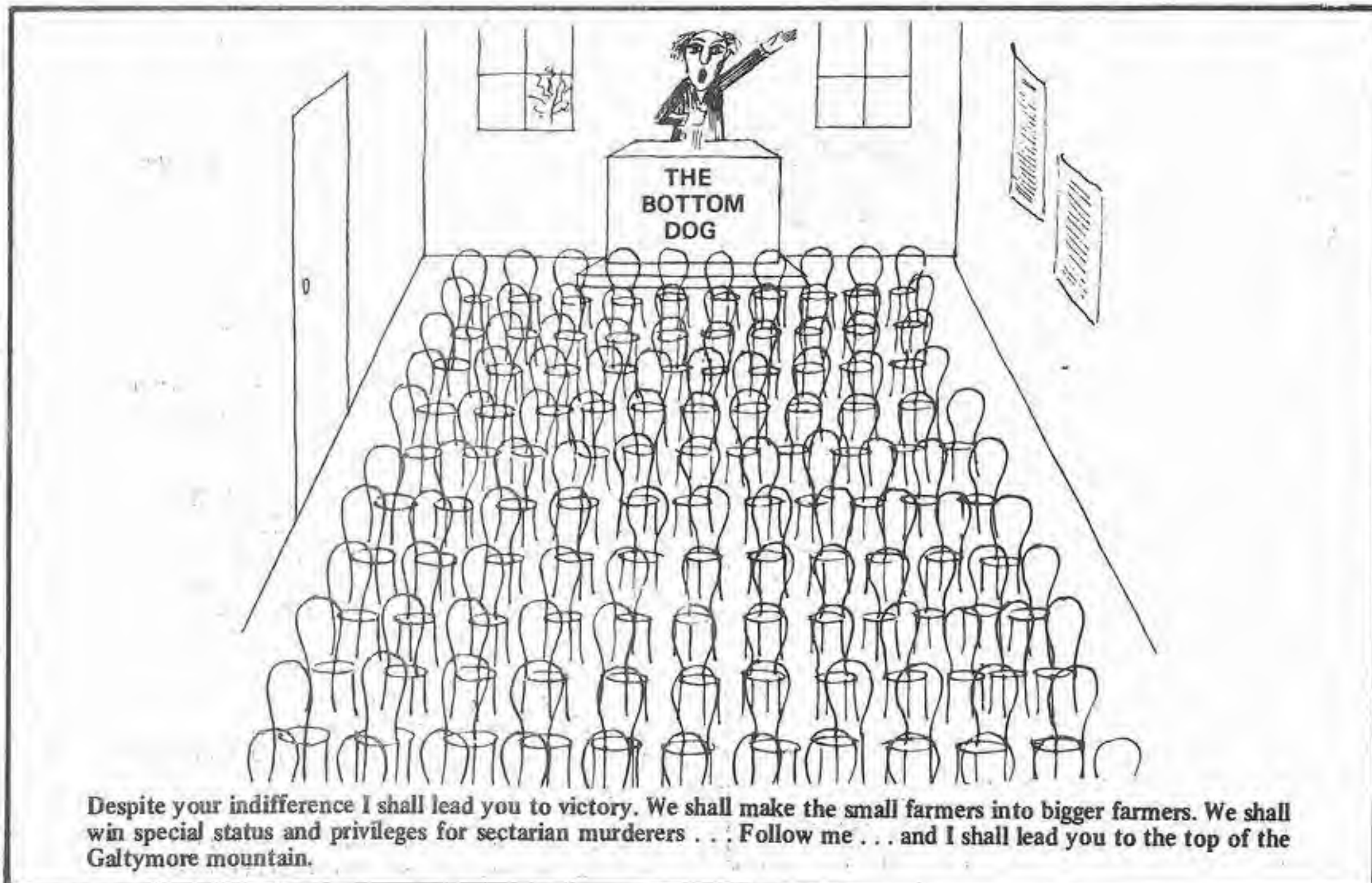
The Pope's secretary had appreciated the niceness of the sophistry, in that words spoken by a cardinal do not bind a Pope: and His Holiness found occasion to admit that, during those hectic days before the conclave when he had received so many callers, it might have just been possible that he had received some journalists after all . . .

That was enough for the *Osservatore* and they reinstated their employee . . .

At a reception later, we saw Cardinal O'Connell of Boston. He had arrived too late to cast a ballot at the conclave, but he had attended the coronation.

"Sure, 'twas a foine ceremony", he declared, "a foine pretty ceremony, but between you and me, me dears, Ziegfeld would have done it better".

(Reprinted from *Journalist's Wife* by Lilian T. Mowrer).





# MACHINERY

I hate machines, the way ye hate the thing  
That ye're most feared of. Silent, cruel, cold,  
They strike, but are never angered. They go their way  
Wi' never a stop, an' never a thought at all  
If it's human lives they crush, or human flesh  
Their iron arms are poundin'. All my life  
I've worked among machines, an' hated them!  
Aye, all my life except a little while  
When I was free an' happy. Now I'm back  
At the oul' job, an' wheels go all day long  
Whirlin' above me; an' the beltin' runs  
Across the ceilin', an' I stan' to feed  
The greedy cylinders from nine to six,  
Day in, day out.

At fourteen years of age  
I started in a laundry. The first day  
A wee girl caught her han' in a calender.  
I mind her unearthly scream, an' how she groaned  
While the machine was stopped an' the roller raised  
To let her hand out—flattened an' crushed an' bruised,  
The fingers pulped together in one piece.

Smothered wi' blood. And another day  
A fine wee lass wi' a lovely head o' hair  
Got tangled in a beltin', an' her scalp  
Near han' tore off her.

When I married John  
I said good-bye to the laundry wi' all my heart,  
An' never thought I'd have to work again

*by Richard Rowley*

Except in my own house, an' there my work  
Was day-long pleasure.

John was quare an' good;  
A steady man was John, makin' decent pay,  
A rivetter on the Island. He didn't drink,  
Nor follow horses. Every Friday night  
He brought his pay home, kept a crown till himself  
An' handed me the rest. Them was great times.  
On summer nights when John had had his tay  
We'd ride out on the tram. Up the Antrim Road,  
Or out into the country by Shaw's Bridge,  
Or of a Saturday afternoon we'd go  
By train till Bangor. He was great was John  
For havin' wee excursions.

One Monday mornin'  
Says he, 'I'll knock off early this afternoon,  
We'll have a jaunt to Glengormley, if it's fine,  
An' take tay in the Gardens.' So I turned in  
To redd the house, an' finish wi' my washin',  
An' about ten o'clock was at the jaw-box  
Just elbow deep in suds. I heard a knock  
An' wiped my hands in my apron.

I mind it well  
Walkin' up the wee passage to the door;  
Thought I ' 'Twill be a gunk if that's a message  
That John can't knock off early after all.'  
I opened the door. The foreman o' his squad  
Was standin' on the step, his cap in his han'  
An' lookin' quare upset. 'Missus!' sez he.  
Sez I, 'Ye needn't speak, it's John is hurt.'  
Wi' that the ambulance turned down our street  
An' halted at the door. They opened it,  
An' carried out a stretcher. Somethin' there  
Lay stiff an' quiet, covered wi' a sheet  
O' pure white linen, but a great red splash  
O' blood oozed through the cloth.

It was my John.

So my good days was over. I come back  
To the oul' job, for poor folks has to live.

One night last summer there come in my head  
A notion that I be to see the place  
Where John had worked. I took the Queen's Road tram  
An' walked across the People's Park. 'Twas dusk,  
A dim grey evenin'. From the bare flat fields  
A mist was risin'. On the quiet air  
The rivetters' hammers rung wi' a noise o' bells,  
Harsh, cruel bells, bells tollin' for the dead.  
The gantries stood up black against the sky;  
Huge steely arms o' cranes moved back and fro  
Like giant beasts that's searchin' for their prey,  
Ready to stoop an' grip it.

On a bench  
A lad sat paintin' pictures in a book  
Upon his knee. He saw me stan' an' gaze.  
'They're fine,' sez he. 'They're fine, an' in their way  
They're beautiful.'

'Beautiful,' sez I.  
'Oh, if ye only knew the thoughts o' my heart.  
They killed my man on me! They killed my man.'

## Limerick Family Planning Clinic



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